

...d watched in pounds, A P Buzzell, Leeds, 2d. A P Buzzell, 1st for domestic eggs, cheese, butter, then years old, and on calf; 2d, George E Merrill, INDIAN S

With Primitive Implements. The Officers Do Better Than the White Men.

Nearly all of the crack seal hunters of the Makah Indians are commonly known as Neah Bay Indians.

The Indians go out upon the chase with great guns and ammunition, relying on their skill and strength for their success in catching the game. The schooners will carry the regulation sealing flag, something new in the line of bunting, at the mast head. The flag is a square yellow and black, cut diagonally, and floated beneath the Stars and Stripes. The flag is about four feet square, and is made compulsory under the new regulations of the modus vivendi. The Indians will sign for the voyage before the United States Indian agent at Neah Bay. They go contentedly, knowing that anything they catch will be theirs. One-third of the catch of the trip goes to the schooner and two-thirds to the hunters, and each canoe will give so many skins to pay for the provisions they use.

The Indian seal spears are curious implements of the chase. They can not be described as spears, for they have never seen the salmon spear than by saying they look just like such a weapon, only built much stronger and heavier. Long fir sticks without any knots are trimmed down and rounded by the Indians themselves, and formed into a spear with a long light-colored feather and the Indians fasten a very flattened and curiously cut shingle-like piece of wood, which holds the spear plumb in its swift passage through the air. The spear end of the long arrow is branched by firmly binding a number of light-colored feathers to the longer stick at an angle that leaves the two ends about seven or eight inches apart. One of these prongs is cut about ten inches or a foot shorter

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thrown into vats they are afflicted with the sharp toxin spearhead. If in throwing the longer one misses the mark, the next may prove better and find its resting place in the flesh of the seal. The steel spear is made of a common file ground down and into shape by the Indians themselves. The barb is made by filing out a piece after the file has been ground down to the sharpness of a knife blade. It gets its proper position by inclining the process of filing so that it extends toward the sharp point.

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Two, into which the end of the spear-
hook is stuck when it is to be thrown.
The steel spear is attached to the long
hook by a small ring of iron. The
spear is about one and one-half yards
long and carefully wrapped in small
silklike threads. As soon as a seal is struck by
one of the spearsmen the long arrow-
hook comes out of the socket and the steel
hook is thrown firmly into the hook in
the seal's mouth. The seal is then
hauled over, forming a connection with the
sail, which in turn is attached to
the hunting canoe by means of a
long cord, which is made too strong to
be broken by a seal floundering from
the water. The seal is then hauled
up to the boat free from the handle
to the seal in its floundering would snap

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prongs of the spears brought in recently by the Willapa have been bitten and scarred in dozens of places by luckless porpoise seals in their struggle to get away.

One peculiarity in the construction of the seal spear is the manner of binding the two hard-wood prongs into the longer stick. This is done by wrapping several strips of bark, a species of vegetation not known to the Indians, but hard to acquire by the whites. It is a very tough fiber, and the strips are so thin that they scarcely increase the visible size of the sticks around which they are bound. The white men frequently call the Indian seal spear "the bark," which is secured about Neah Bay. The whole spear is painted a dull

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with contempt. It was first served on the table of Queen Elizabeth. The real

and with mixtures they make themselves from the native extracts of the forest. When properly fixed for throwing the spear readily balances in the hand, and Captain Irving says the hunters will throw it with accuracy a distance of six or eight fathoms. In the main less distances are preferred by the hunters, who stand up in the bows of their light cedar canoes, while the oarsmen squat rigidly in the stern and paddle along over the swells as silently as if they were tramping barefooted on the trail of an elk in the mountains.

The hunting canoes are no less an

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or any desired branch of education.

they would not live a moment in any kind of a sea, but in the dexterous hands of the natives they are perfectly safe. The oarsman has his eyes about him as well as the hunter. While one is looking for seal the other carefully scans the sea for swells, and he seldom fails to be ready for one when it comes upon his frail craft. He takes the swell in an oblique course, never meeting it stem on, nor does he ever allow his boat to be caught parallel with the swells in the trough between them. Meeting

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a gull over the crest and down on the other side, and in this way will pass over swells that would capsize an ordinary ship's boat.—Seattle Telegraph.

Why does the air of the pine woods have such a beneficial effect on consumptives? It is on account of its purity and of the antiseptic substances contained in the exhalations from the trees.

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1894.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
Mr. C. S. Aves is now calling upon our sub-
scribers in Franklin county.
Mr. J. W. Keston is now calling upon our
subscribers in Waldo county.

Monday was Labor Day. Doubtless
our readers have seen many of them.

Step into the *Farmer* office and get
the premium list of the old Kennebec
Fair.

The Maine State College gets the
credit of making one of the best shows
at the Eastern Maine Fair.

"Horses are cheaper now than for
several years," said a horseman the
other day, and he continued, "a horse
that three years ago would sell for \$200,
will only bring \$100 now."

The Aroostook papers agree in the
cheerful facts of this paragraph: "Hard
times, as it is called, is very little felt in
Aroostook. Crops are good, and the
people are prosperous."

We regret to learn of the death of our
esteemed correspondent, Winslow Arty
in West Hampden, September 3. He
was one of our oldest correspondents
and his interesting communications will
be missed by our readers.

The following incident of courage is
worthy of the human race: During a fire
in a stable at Pau Sec, Province of Que-
bec, a bay stallion returned twice to the
burning structure and drove out a horse
that was so terrorized as to be unable to
make any attempt to escape.

The county of Aroostook, through its
Senators and Representatives, at a meet-
ing held in Houlton, those the following
to serve on the board of directors of the
Bangor & Aroostook Lumber Company
for the ensuing year: Thomas H. Fair,
Presque Isle; Charles F. Tenney and E. L.
Cleveland, Jr., Houlton.

Why will people permit their out-build-
ings to become filthy when at their very
doors, in the public highway, is the ma-
terial for cleaning? The pulverized dirt,
so abundant in the roads during the
dry spell, is the very best deodor-
izer. Put up a couple of barrels of it for
winter use. It will pay for all the trouble.

Messrs. J. C. Houghton & Co., Liver-
pool, inform us by cable that there is a
good demand for American apples in
their market. They quote \$2.68 to \$3.37
for parcels arriving in good condition.
Shipments to Europe have been small
so far; as soon as they assume larger
proportions we shall be in position to
give you prices ruling for each variety.

The Washington Post says: "Gen. L.
T. Michener of this city, who managed
Gen. Harrison's campaign at the Chicago
convention of 1888 and at the Minne-
apolis convention of 1892, and who is an
intimate political and personal friend of
that gentleman, is authority for the
statement that the ex-President does
not desire a re-nomination and would
not accept one unless it should come to
him with practical unanimity."

One of those delightful autumnal ex-
cursions to Aroostook county, the gar-
den of Maine, is now in order. The
Maine Central Railroad has made a
special rate, by which one can visit this
favored region at a largely reduced cost,
the round trip from Gardiner, Hallowell
or Augusta being but \$7 to Houlton;
\$8.25, Fort Fairfield; \$8.50, Presque
Isle. You can start Sept. 9th, 10th or
11th, the tickets being good for return
any time until October 5th.

The Portland Express relates the fol-
lowing: "A lady in this State who has a
daughter married to a missionary and
living in India, has often wished that
she might dream of her, but never had
until the night of May 18th last. That
night she dreamed of her, and heard her
call "mother," as if in terrible agony.
The dream depressed the mother much
for a time, and when the next mail from
India was due, she could hardly wait for
findings. They came and told her that
on the night of the dream the daughter
was very sick, suffering fearfully, and
that her life was despaired of the whole
night long. Strange! Who can explain
it?"

Utah anticipates a considerable boom
in consequence of the admission to State-
hood. The State has escaped the boom
fever of the West to a great extent. Her
Mormon inhabitants are a very thrifty
class and have made an excellent founda-
tion for funds looking for as safe invest-
ment as is usually offered in the West.
Utah has been quietly at work improv-
ing the arid lands of the State until
more than three and a half million acres
have been reclaimed by irrigation, at a
cost of \$29,000,000. The land has in-
creased in value from \$74,000,000 to
\$296,000,000, and it is found that culti-
vation under irrigation is more certain
than any other.

The sixth annual meeting of the Maine
Free Baptists' Association is to be held
at Houlton, September 25, 26 and 27.
The annual business meeting of the
Woman's Missionary Society will be
held in the vestry, Tuesday, Sept. 25, at
9 A. M. The ministers' conference of
the State will assemble in the main
audience room, Tuesday, Sept. 25, at
2.30 P. M. The committee on enter-
tainment are: H. W. Shaw, Esq., chair-
man; Nellie Shaw, Secretary. All per-
sons desiring entertainment will please
make application to the above com-
mittee at least five days before the
assembling of the association, as free en-
tertainment cannot otherwise be assured.

A HOLOCAUST.

Terrible Loss of Life and Property by Forest
Fires in the West.

One of the most disastrous forest con-
flagrations in history prevailed in sec-
tions of northwestern Wisconsin and
eastern Minnesota last Saturday and Sun-
day, accompanied by an appalling loss
of life, as well as the destruction of a
vast amount of valuable property. A
long continued and devastating drought
has existed for months in that region,
and impelled by a fierce westerly wind
the fire swept everything before it. A
territory forty miles square was burned
over, numerous villages being swept
away. The following towns are known
to have been entirely wiped out, hardly
a single building standing: Shell City,
Wis.; Baromette, Wis.; Bashaw, Wis.;
Hinckley, Minn.; Pokegama, Minn.;
Miller, Minn.; Finlay, Minn.; Rutledge,
Minn.; Sturgeon Lake, Minn.; Moose
Lake, Partridge, Sandstone, Crowell,
Hansen; Granite Lake, Cumberland,
Pineville, Comstock and Forest City,
Wisconsin.

The aggregate population of all these
towns is about 8000, and the total loss
of life will reach upwards of 1500. Most
of the bodies are so badly burned that they
cannot be recognized. The injured list
includes every one in the locality of the
fire.

Among the other towns to suffer were
Washburn, Benoit, Glidden, Saxton, Ma-
rengo, Highbridge, Watersmet and
Wakeland.

The construction train which went out
on the Eastern Minnesota road at 5
o'clock, Monday morning, was able to
get away, as a Sandstone, a mile and
a half from the station, was the only
station ten miles west of Superior.
There they were stopped by the burning
of the Kettle river bridge, one of the
largest structures on the line. Only the
centre pier remains. The watchman at
the north end of the bridge was suffo-
cated.

Supt. Thorne, one of the party on the
train said: "We got as far as Partridge
with the train, and between there and
Sandstone there were eight bridges
burned down. The timber part of the
big Sandstone bridge is also gone. This
will tie up the eastern road for a month,
as the damage cannot be repaired in less
than that time."

At Sandstone, 46 people are dead, lying
in the street. The remainder, some 400,
are alive, and have taken to the Kettle
river, and stood in the water with only
their heads out. The banks of the river
are very high and steep, but the people
got down them in short order. These
survivors have nothing left.

Augustus Taylor of Sandstone said:
"There were a great many who went to
the small pond which is near the city,
and stood in the water up to their necks
and held their children while others
threw water over them to keep them
from burning."

Hundreds of them went nearly wild
with fear and rushed around the streets
like so many wild animals. Many of
them were not able to get to any place
where they could not be caught by the
flames, and being overcome by the heat
and smoke they fell by the roadside and
either smothered or burned to death.
There are a great many who went out
toward the timber and who will probably
never be found, as the fire lasted so long
that it would entirely consume their
bodies. A great many came from Hinck-
ley to Sandstone for safety. There was
at least 1000 here found in the water at
Hinckley. The people had been overcome
by heat and drowsed.

A family named Johnson went into the
water at Sandstone. One of their child-
ren, a boy about 10 years old, and the other
fifteen months. They were kept there
the whole night and their recovery is
doubtful. About 6 o'clock Sunday
night the fire driven by a southwest gale
reached the southern end of Baromette,
and in a few minutes there was only a
pile of glowing embers and one dwelling
to mark the site of a town of 500 people,
and who fled to safety with only their
clothes. The mill and 10,000,000 feet of
timber were consumed. Loss \$23,000;
insurance unknown.

One crew reported they saw flames
sweeping down on a house close to the
track, near Hinckley. The place was
horrible. Every fear created per-
son was in the water, and the other
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doubtful. About 6 o'clock Sunday
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clothes. The mill and 10,000,000 feet of
timber were consumed. Loss \$23,000;
insurance unknown.

The first train from the St. Paul and
Duluth road, which started on Sunday
morning from Duluth, Mrs. Lawrence
says the first evidence of the fire was
noticeable about ten miles north of
Hinckley, when the air became almost
suffocating. A mile north of Hinckley
a number of persons, Mrs. Lawrence
estimates the number at fifty, rushed
toward the train screaming frantically.
The engineer, seeing danger if they re-
mained, stopped the train to let them
board. The heat became intense, and a
whole volcano of fire seemed to burst
out in a mighty effort to wipe the train
and occupants off the face of the earth.
Mrs. Lawrence, describing the scenes,
said: "The first rush of the flames
toward the cars the window panes went
out with a crash, and the train began
slowly to return towards Skunk Lake.
The people screamed, and men jumped
through the car windows. The panic
was horrible. Every fear created per-
son was for himself, and did not care
how he got out of the rushing flames.
My dress caught fire; I extinguished the
flames. I saw two Chinamen paralyzed
with fright, and made no effort to get
away. They simply hid under the seats,
and were burned to death. I stood it as
long as I could, then rushed out of the
car, jumping over one or two persons
lying on the ground. Some of the peo-
ple jumped into Skunk Lake. I simply
ran along the ties. The fire had burned
away, and after running until my
strength gave out, I fell down between
the rails. I expected every minute my
dress would be burned from my body.
I put out the flames on my dress half a
dozen times, and had to hold my hands
over the baby's face to keep it from
suffocating."

Sunday morning Mrs. Lawrence was
picked up in the middle of the track
about two miles north of Hinckley by a
relief party from Duluth, which made
the trip on a hand car. The sight of
Hinckley, says Mrs. Lawrence, is
nothing but blackened waste with bodies
of dead and injured persons lying every-
where. Fully one hundred and twenty-
five persons were aboard the "limited,"
and only two children were burned out-
right. About a dozen persons, accord-
ing to Mrs. Lawrence, were injured in
the panic, which resulted when they
rushed to the platform and jumped off
while the train was moving. Others
fought their way through the struggling,
frantic mass of passengers in the effort
to get away. In this way many persons
suffered severe injuries, such as broken
bones and limbs.

On Saturday, upon the approach of
the fire, the inhabitants of Crowell
took refuge in the water until rescued
by the crew of the Northern Pacific
train, which carried them to Carlton,
Minn. There are many heart rending

scenes. Fifteen bridges were burned on
the Minneapolis road. A newspaper
correspondent, who is passing through
the burned district on the Duluth, tele-
graphs that he found 70 bodies along the
line upon to within a short distance of
Hinckley. Another man counted 40
bodies lying alongside the Sandstone
branch. In the brush, over a large area
in which there were many settlers, will
no doubt be found the bodies of many
who could not get to the railroads.

Sunday afternoon the Duluth road sent
out a special to bring in dead bodies and
insane people, as many, like Conductor
Sullivan of the ill-fated train, have prob-
ably gone mad through their sufferings.
Prominent business men of West Superi-
or who were in the fiery region were
so completely undone that they were
unable to express themselves when they
arrived here.

At Baromette one widow dragged her
typhoid fever sick son from the house
into a potato patch and there protected
him to the scene. While the rest of the
inhabitants fled in terror.

A freight train was wrecked on the
Milwaukee and Northern Branch, Satur-
day, by the warping of the rails, and the
engineer killed. Five carloads of logs
were piled on top of the engine and the
engineer's body reduced to shreds. The
cinders of victims in and near Pine City,
Minn., reached 425. One hundred and
forty-eight bodies were taken out of
Hinckley. At Sandstone, fifty bodies
were recovered.

Millions of dollars' worth of lumber
were burned and there was widespread
destruction of railroad property, espe-
cially bridges on several roads, stopping
the running of trains. Many trains
were abandoned; western cities come forward
promptly to the relief of the homeless
and destitute people. Thousands of
dollars were subscribed, provisions and
clothing purchased, and relief trains
sent to the scene. G. Third U. S.
Infantry was sent from Fort Snelling to
Hinckley with tents and blankets for the
people. The soldiers will do guard duty.

What do you think of the French sta-
lions?
"I suppose I owned the best French
Coach stallion that was ever brought to
this country. All kinds of mares were
bred to him and his get were very stylish,
but they did not have endurance
when past the prime of life as they wear
out young."

"Many people in Ohio and Indiana are
breeding to French Coach horses but I
have never succeeded in finding any
good stock among them. I have hunted
those States all over and bought lots of
horses there but could find very few
that are desirable."

"No, I believe that a man should first
get a Morgan mare, that is, one bred the
closest to the Morgan blood that is to be
found, then breed her to stallions like
those I mentioned."

"Horse buyers are all the time looking
around up in Vermont for Morgan mares
and they are paying fabulous prices for
them. They are wanted by well-to-do
people who propose to produce good
gentlemen's driving horses."

The introduction of the imperfectly
formed horses, because they have won-
derful speed, has been an injury to the
breeding interests of the State of Maine.
The practice of training colts is an evil.
When I was a boy I saw Top Gallant
take his record when he was 28 years old.
That horse was not spoiled when young
was he?"

"He did it under the saddle and he
had two spavins."
"Bodine did his fastest work when he
was over 30 years old. Goldsmith, I
know, was not broken until he was eight
years old, for I owned him myself. He
made his record when he was 18 years-
old."

"The breeders of Maine are becoming
bankrupt, simply because they will con-
tinue to try for trotters. Why if one of
them should produce a good horse 16
hands high weighing 1100 or a little over,
kind, sound, tough and well built I
would not care to have him go a mile
any quicker than three and a half
minutes."

"There may not be but one Daniel Web-
ster but the breed is good. I had rather
breed to a horse that has not been worn
out than to one of his strain which has
been trotting all of the time."

GOOD TEMPLARS AT THE FAIR.

One of the first objects that greets the
eye of the visitor to the Park, by the
main gate, is the large tent at the right
of the large exhibition hall, from which
flies the stars and stripes, and which
bears the sign "Good Templars Head-
quarters," which fully explains the
object of the tent. It is headquarters of
the Good Templars of the State, and
this is the second year it has been here.
Inside it is comfortably fitted up with
seats, tables, racks, writing material,
ice water, etc., for the comfort and
convenience of the members of the order,
who are visiting the great fair.

And it is well patronized for the coats,
wraps, umbrellas, satchels, etc., are
left by the scores, and members from
Aroostook meet members from York,
while Somerset brethren give the grip
to Knox members, and when tired
the lights they rest and converse.

Temperance literature is present and
distributed by the dozens, while temper-
ance songs are sung to an organ accom-
paniment, and news of the order from
all parts of the State is duly exchanged,
and every visitor, who is not a member,
is cordially invited to be a "joiner" by
being presented the following card.

Join the Good Templars.
The largest Temperance Organization in
Maine, or in the World.
Our Motto: Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Our Mission: Prevention and Reformation.
Our Platform: Abstinence for the Individual,
and Prohibition for the State and Nation.
Our Watchword: For God, and Home, and
Every Land.
Do you belong to our Order?
If not, join the Lodge nearest you, or help
organize a new one.
Put your influence where it will count, on
the right side.
For any particulars address the Sec. at
Belfast, Me.

The headquarters are under the general
charge of Grand Sec. Geo. E. Brackett of
Belfast, assisted by Secs. G. Treas. G.
W. Manter of Sidney, and one or more of
the G. L. officers are always present
organizing and planning the business of
the order.

The register of visiting members kept
at the tent and headed by Ex-Gov. Per-
ham showed many of the leading temper-
ance workers of the State present. The
headquarters are evidently a success.

The Lincoln Agricultural and Horti-
cultural Society holds its 39th annual
fair at the Damariscotta Driving Park,
Sept. 18, 19 and 20.

FRENCH COACH AND DRIVING HORSES.

Interview with George W. Bishop, the noted
buyer of Maine horses of New York.

"The question of breeding coach and
gentlemen's driving horses has been in-
troduced by Mr. Sanborn. The *Maine
Farmer* consulted other people, among
others being George H. Bishop, the well
known horse buyer."

"I can give you the key to breeding
good driving horses," said Mr. Bishop,
with his characteristic promptness.
"Get the Morgan blood. When you
have raised good driving coach horses,
you will find no trouble in selling them.
I am looking for a four-in-hand and will
give \$4000 for the right team."

"The people are crazy for trotters.
They run into the Hambletonian stock,
for instance, and if they don't get a trot-
ter they get nothing."

"That is all a man says when a person
says anything against some of the trot-
ting strains. But if they can't go they
amount to nothing. Breed to horses
that have got style and size. What does
a man want of a horse with big, thick
ears denoting a lack of intelligence,
a swaying, uneven gait, and hind and
forward quarters out of proportion un-
less he can go in less than 2:25? Breed
a good mare to a thoroughbred and you
will get something more saleable than
you will to breed to some of the trotting
strains."

What stallions would you recom-
mend at present to Maine people who
have good, ordinary mares and wish to
get some good, stylish road horses?
"Well, there is Harbinger, Gen. With-
ers, Nelson's Wilkes, Lothaire, Jr.,
Lothaire, Jr., is by Lothaire, and he is
by Gen. Knox."

"I suppose I owned the best French
Coach stallion that was ever brought to
this country. All kinds of mares were
bred to him and his get were very stylish,
but they did not have endurance
when past the prime of life as they wear
out young."

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breeding to French Coach horses but I
have never succeeded in finding any
good stock among them. I have hunted
those States all over and bought lots of
horses there but could find very few
that are desirable."

"No, I believe that a man should first
get a Morgan mare, that is, one bred the
closest to the Morgan blood that is to be
found, then breed her to stallions like
those I mentioned."

"Horse buyers are all the time looking
around up in Vermont for Morgan mares
and they are paying fabulous prices for
them. They are wanted by well-to-do
people who propose to produce good
gentlemen's driving horses."

The introduction of the imperfectly
formed horses, because they have won-
derful speed, has been an injury to the
breeding interests of the State of Maine.
The practice of training colts is an evil.
When I was a boy I saw Top Gallant
take his record when he was 28 years old.
That horse was not spoiled when young
was he?"

"He did it under the saddle and he
had two spavins."
"Bodine did his fastest work when he
was over 30 years old. Goldsmith, I
know, was not broken until he was eight
years old, for I owned him myself. He
made his record when he was 18 years-
old."

"The breeders of Maine are becoming
bankrupt, simply because they will con-
tinue to try for trotters. Why if one of
them should produce a good horse 16
hands high weighing 1100 or a little over,
kind, sound, tough and well built I
would not care to have him go a mile
any quicker than three and a half
minutes."

"There may not be but one Daniel Web-
ster but the breed is good. I had rather
breed to a horse that has not been worn
out than to one of his strain which has
been trotting all of the time."

GOOD TEMPLARS AT THE FAIR.

One of the first objects that greets the
eye of the visitor to the Park, by the
main gate, is the large tent at the right
of the large exhibition hall, from which
flies the stars and stripes, and which
bears the sign "Good Templars Head-
quarters," which fully explains the
object of the tent. It is headquarters of
the Good Templars of the State, and
this is the second year it has been here.
Inside it is comfortably fitted up with
seats, tables, racks, writing material,
ice water, etc., for the comfort and
convenience of the members of the order,
who are visiting the great fair.

And it is well patronized for the coats,
wraps, umbrellas, satchels, etc., are
left by the scores, and members from
Aroostook meet members from York,
while Somerset brethren give the grip
to Knox members, and when tired
the lights they rest and converse.

Temperance literature is present and
distributed by the dozens, while temper-
ance songs are sung to an organ accom-
paniment, and news of the order from
all parts of the State is duly exchanged,
and every visitor, who is not a member,
is cordially invited to be a "joiner" by
being presented the following card.

Join the Good Templars.
The largest Temperance Organization in
Maine, or in the World.
Our Motto: Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Our Mission: Prevention and Reformation.
Our Platform: Abstinence for the Individual,
and Prohibition for the State and Nation.
Our Watchword: For God, and Home, and
Every Land.
Do you belong to our Order?
If not, join the Lodge nearest you, or help
organize a new one.
Put your influence where it will count, on
the right side.
For any particulars address the Sec. at
Belfast, Me.

The headquarters are under the general
charge of Grand Sec. Geo. E. Brackett of
Belfast, assisted by Secs. G. Treas. G.
W. Manter of Sidney, and one or more of
the G. L. officers are always present
organizing and planning the business of
the order.

The register of visiting members kept
at the tent and headed by Ex-Gov. Per-
ham showed many of the leading temper-
ance workers of the State present. The
headquarters are evidently a success.

The Lincoln Agricultural and Horti-
cultural Society holds its 39th annual
fair at the Damariscotta Driving Park,
Sept. 18, 19 and 20.

BESSEY CONVICTED.

The trial of Melvin Bessey, the Bow-
doinham wife murderer, began at Bath
on Wednesday. Attorney General Pow-
ers and County Attorney Newell ap-
peared for the State, and Hon. S. S.
Brown of Waterville for the respondent.
All the seats in the court house were
filled. Bessey was brought into court
by Sheriff Ballou and placed in the
prisoner's dock. He was clearly shaven
and wore a neat brown suit. County
Attorney Newell promptly moved for
the arraignment of the prisoner. Bessey
stood up and in a low voice pleaded
not guilty. He manifested slight emo-
tion when in reply to the question of
Judge Walton, he stated that he had not
means to employ counsel. Hon. S. S.
Brown was assigned by the court.

The jurors were promptly selected and
qualified, and the case of the govern-
ment was presented briefly by Mr. New-
ell. Bessey seemed to take but little in-
terest in the proceedings. He looked
sad and sat with his eyes fixed upon the
floor.

In the afternoon the daughter of the
murdered woman testified that her
mother was sitting with her, having
been driven from Bessey's home some
days previous, when Bessey entered and
asked her to go with him to their former
home. Mrs. Bessey declined, then Bessey
asked her to kiss him good bye, and as
he reached her he drove the knife into
her neck, thrusting the lung, then he
ran to his brother's house, entering
with the cry, "There I've done it. I've
murdered her, God damn her." He was
then arrested and to the sheriff con-
fessed the same thing.

On Thursday Bessey's counsel set up
the plea of insanity. Melvin Bessey, the
prisoner, took the stand and told the
circumstances leading up to his crime.
But he denied that he knew anything
of the stabbing. He claimed that when
his wife refused to kiss him good-bye
he became a blank, and he knew
nothing more until he found his brother
trying to take from him the bloody
knife. He wept freely and reiterated the
statement that he had never meant to do
the woman harm; that he had "loved
her as he did his own heart." On the
cross examination he was compelled to
contradict several witnesses.

The case was given to the jury on Fri-
day, and they returned a verdict of mur-
der in the first degree. Bessey was
sentenced to imprisonment in State
prison at hard labor for life.

Joint Debate.
The people of Bath had the privilege,
Tuesday evening, of listening to a joint
debate on the question of Prohibition
vs. License. The *Enterprise* says there
was great curiosity to hear young editor
John O. Patten, candidate for Repre-
sentative to the legislature, pitted
against Maine's veteran temperance
worker, Gen. Neal Dow of Portland.
Who came out ahead it would be no
easy matter for an unbiased hearer to
say. Most people went and came away
from the meeting with their views on
the question unchanged, as was to be
expected.

Gen. Dow, for a man 91 years old,
is remarkably vigorous. He is one of
our pioneer temperance workers, and
in contrasting the former days of Maine
in the good old times of distilleries and
breweries, when it was sold openly up
and down the streets, in about every
store, when rum was brought here from
the West Indies by the cargo, and when
drunkenness and poverty were every-
where, in contrasting this condition of
things with the present days of sobriety,
(comparatively) and prosperity of the
people, which temperance work and
prohibition had produced, the speaker
made his strong point. He was a little
lengthy, and there seemed to be much
repetition, but he is a wonderful old
man, and all were glad to hear him.

Mr. Patten, in responding to the
venerable speaker who preceded him,
maintained his side of the argument
very well. As he is a man of excitable
temperament, and this was practically
his first appearance as a public speaker,
his friends were somewhat fearful lest
he should go to pieces, so to speak.
But he did quite well. His line of argu-
ment was in the fact that prohibition
was not well enforced in our cities, and
his belief that the law was detrimental
to the public good, because men were
able now to drink liquor and get drunk,
and that as long as it was sold in Maine
cities the public treasury should re-
ceive some benefit from it, instead of
allowing the business to go unchecked,
the speaker claimed it now was.
Mr. Patten's great charm is in his frank-
ness.

"Sweet Day, Good-Bye."
We alluded last week to the sudden
death of that sweet poet of the Isles,
Mrs. Celia Thaxter. Aside from her
marked and pronounced poetic ability,
and general intellectual strength, she
was a delightful companion, a womanly
woman, grasping to her soul with hooks
of steel, as willing captives, all who
came within the charmed circle of her
personality. Her writings all had hope-
ful characteristics; scarcely was there a
minor strain of melancholy. While rest-
ing a portion of last month by the peac-
ful Coboscoosce, just as the setting
sun was illuminating its mirror-like
surface with almost supernatural beauty,
our eyes happened to fall upon a newspaper
clipping containing the following charm-
ing farewell to the dying day, written
by Mrs. Thaxter several years ago.
How little we thought, then, as our
emotions were stirred by the tender
lines, so appropriate at the time, that
she was so soon to say good-bye to the
last sweet day of her earthly life:

"Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee
longer. I have a dream the shadows fold
thee.
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away!
Good-bye, sweet day!
Dear, sweet, thy golden hours of tranquil
splendor.
Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray!
Good-bye, sweet day!
Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones
and glances.
Vanish at last, and solemn night advances.
Ah, could thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-bye, sweet day!
Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
The while I watch thy sunset's smouldering
embers.
All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remem-
bers.
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
Good-bye, sweet day!"

—The corn factory at North Anson
started Wednesday morning. The crop
is reported to be more than an average.

CITY NEWS.

—You can buy first class hay in the
market for \$10 a ton.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

MY HOME.

BY ARBUTHNOT.

My thoughts, as I sit here dreaming, are
That beautiful to me, and fair,
Is my home here in the country,
Where there's pure and healthy air.

Sweet is the breath of the flowers,
That comes o'er me from the garden,
And is borne, by the mild summer breezes,
Through the open window to me.

Sparkling are the streams of water
That flow for the flocks and herds;
And from the apple trees in the orchard
Come the delightful songs of the birds.

Surrounded by hills and forests,
That are clothed in living green;
O'erhung by skies that are cloudless,
And the bluest of any I've seen.

And bright is the golden sunshine,
That reminds me of God's grace,
Which falls like a benediction
Upon this quiet place.

Our Story Teller.

A HASTY MARRIAGE.

"I will never speak to you again while my name is Molly Glazier, nor will I set my feet inside your door, Aunt Abbott. You have no right to shun me in this way."

"I have only performed an unpleasant duty, Niece Molly. You have no mother. Your behavior with young men is indiscreet; you are keeping in your train four young men, all of whom have asked your hand in marriage."

"But what is a young girl to do, Aunt Abbott? Can she not be free?"

"Friends, indeed! A young girl may always conduct herself with propriety. You will make a bad match."

"And it is your desire, Aunt Abbott, that I make no match at all. But, mark my words, I will be married before your daughter, my cousin Prudence, is, and I will make a better match than she."

"You should not allow your lips to utter such hasty speeches, Niece Mary. You know my daughter Prudence is engaged to Harvey Pearl, and that they are to be married on the first day of the new year. You would certainly do nothing to prevent the banns being read in church next Sunday?"

"Certainly not, Aunt Abbott, but I shall be published in church next Sunday also."

"I am aware, Niece Mary, that you are exceedingly angry, and I make allowance for your hot temper. Inherited from your father, but it is positively sinful for you to make such unreasonable statements. It is not in any wise probable that in a sparsely settled section of country like this, where desirable marriages are so few, that you will find your match so soon. My daughter Prudence is ever being quiet and proper in her deportment, and she is exceedingly fortunate, as every one who knows her intended is pleased to say. Go home now, Niece Mary, keep your two indulgent father's house and deport yourself like a sensible young woman, nothing doubting that in good time you will have a suitor who is fully your equal. Eighteen is not old. Your cousin Prudence is nineteen and a month. Go home now, I say, and harbor no ill-will."

"I have said what I have said," replied the beautiful young girl, mounting her spirited horse and riding down the West Ashford hills and out of sight at a pace that made her good aunt sigh.

"My brother-in-law has no right to allow his daughter to ride such a restless steed. She will have her reckless young neck broken yet, and should such a mishap occur I am not sure that it would not be more a matter for thankfulness than for sorrow; she is so self-willed and so headstrong that I know not what she will come to."

"To no harm, mother, I am sure," ventured Prudence, who was overawing a snow white linen sheet of her own weaving and bleaching, as she sat a wistful look after her cousin.

"Anything that might seem vain and thoughtless in an ordinary girl is overlooked in one so exceedingly pretty as Molly. I regret that you angered her so, for I would almost as soon have her a wedding as to do without her as a bridesmaid; and if she comes not neither will her father, my favorite uncle, William Glazier."

"Do not fear, my daughter, that fun-loving Molly will not for the world miss of such a merry-making as your wedding promises to be."

"But, mother, I need my tasteful cousin's assistance and advice. I can but wish you had spared your chiding until after the wedding."

"And had one of her unworthy young beaux here in my house as my guest and my niece's suitor? Not at all. I have done what was right and best. She has ridden off the first heat of her wrath by this time, and is framing in her mind the note of apology she will send me to-morrow."

But for once notable Mistress Abbott was mistaken. Her niece dashed down the long Ashford hills with her horse on a mad gallop, minding no more the light weight upon his back than as if it had been a feather. Through the charming Fenton river valley they went and up the hills on the Willington side with hardly a break or a slackening of speed, until the intelligent animal came to a standstill at the door of the blacksmith's shop where William Glazier, as usual, was shaping an iron upon his anvil.

Slipping from her saddle the excited young girl rushed into the smoke-dyed little shop, and with characteristic impetuosity told her only parent, as she told him everything the whole story of her quarrel with her aunt, regardless of the fact that in the shadow cast by the huge leather bellows stood a young man who was a stranger, gazing with admiration at her glowing face and kindling eyes.

"Oh she was angry!" cried the girl, "so dreadfully angry that she called me 'Niece Mary'—think of that!—and she said I took my bad temper from you, father, and she taunted me with being eighteen and not yet engaged, and I told her just what I have repeated to you, father, word for word."

"You were too hasty, I fear, daughter. You will lose the wedding of which you have thought so much, for you have pledged yourself to the impossible. Even had you a suitable lover there would be hard time for you to be published according to law before New Year's day. And you certainly will not now select a husband from the lovers who have rejected."

"No, father, but I have said what I have said, and I cannot help it that I feel within my very soul that I have spoken truth, although whom I am to wed I know not."

"I will wed you within the appointed time if you will accept me. I shall never love anyone better than I do you at this moment. I never have cared for a maid in my life before. This is the love at first sight of which I have heard. I came with recommendations to your father to purchase some of the large tracts of land of which he holds the title," said the young stranger, stepping forward.

"Yes, daughter, this young Master Wolcott is a kinsman of the one who came through from Boston to Hartford with coal and four, laying out the so-called Wolcott road. He brings me letters from my people in Massachusetts, and I know that his family are quite as well born as ours. Well, save your blushes, lass, and go you in and prepare the supper. The stranger will be our guest, at least. I dislike to have one of my kin forfeit her word, and I dislike to lose my favorite niece's wedding. We will talk it over."

Molly glanced up at the comely young man who now stood in the full light of the ruddy forge, and felt as if a prince had come to her rescue out of fairy land; and so abashed was she that, audacious though she was generally, she dropped her lashes over her luminous eyes, and turning quickly, ran away into the house without a word.

She neither lost her head nor her wits, however, but thought and planned while preparing the repast which, he it said to her credit, was lacking in nothing for a pattern household. As this little Molly, about whose pranks the whole countryside was talking. And when the young stranger came in with her father she presided at table with so much dignity mingled with girlish shyness and sweetness, as to entirely complete the conquest of his heart.

"If there had been any reservations before we were published next Sunday at the same time and place as my cousin Prudence," she said to her father next morning, "and that will give just time to be married on New Year's day, but who will perform the ceremony I know not. Parson Fuller will be starting so early to marry my cousin."

"I will manage that," said the smith, "the parson is a good man, a very good man, but he is fond of a joke, and I am owing him one that I have not paid off. This is a rare chance—a rare chance indeed!"

The next Sunday, greatly to the astonishment of the whole congregation, Molly and Young Master Wolcott were published as intending marriage. Prudence and her lover being published, also.

Neither of the prospective brides was present, but next day Mistress Abbott and her daughter Prudence called at the Glazier residence to congratulate Molly and to hear the particulars of this sudden engagement.

They found no one at either house or forge, and there was no reply to the note sent next day by special messenger with Mistress Abbott's profuse offers of advice and assistance.

"It is impossible," wrote she, "that my niece should be married without a wedding; such a thing was never heard of in our family, and they cannot be married on New Year's day, as Parson Fuller is hesitating and when I respectfully urge that William Glazier, his daughter and their guest shall be present at my daughter's nuptials on that day."

William Glazier read the letter with a smile, saying only: "Go on with your preparations, daughter; my honored sister-in-law has always been rather overfond of directness and to the point. You will see what you will see."

"Lucky that New Year's comes of a Monday this year," chuckled William Glazier on the morning of the eventful day, as the trio sat at breakfast.

"Why, father dear?—so that all the housekeepers bidden to my cousin's wedding will have to put off their week's washing?"

"Not at all, my son. I may depend every washing is snuffed on the line before this time. See, the sun is just rising. Too long sparkling Sunday night makes a late Monday's breakfast. Lucky our last snow cleared off with a rain."

"Why, Mr. Glazier? so that the rugged hills may be like huge icebergs and the guests who go to your niece's wedding do so at the risk of their lives?"

"Oh, you will see what you will see. Go dress thyself, daughter, as we have planned, in thy mother's wedding gown of white satin brought from England; and Master Wolcott, make thyself ready. We will have prayers after you are dressed—that is my whim this morning."

Soon after the young people appeared in their wedding finery. William Glazier, who stood by the window commanding a view to the westward, chuckled again.

"There comes Parson, up Wolcott's road, creeping along on his hob-nailed shoes and leading his good horse White Stocking, who, poor beast, is walking on three feet and slipping up on the fourth at every step. Art thou ready, children? He is turning the way of course he is turning this way," and opening the outer door he called:

"Good morning and a happy New Year to thee, Parson Fuller."

"The same to thee, thou son of Vulcan. Were it not for thy craft it would be a sad day for me and for thy niece over yonder toward the sunrise, for this horse has lost a shoe and you shod him all around with sharpened calks only last week."

"Parson, I told you better than to buy a horse with one white foot, and you laughed when I said that foot would bring you bad luck some day; but come you in and conduct morning prayers; my fire is hardly yet alight in my forge."

"Lucky you have a fire, for this can hardly be called a working day. Surely you are going to your niece's wedding?"

"That depends entirely upon you, parson. If you will make my daughter, Mistress Wolcott, so that she can keep her word to her aunt, we will most gladly accompany you upon your ride."

"But where are the guests?"

"They will be here at the second-day wedding to-morrow. Here are the bride and groom."

"And as comely a pair as ever stood before a parson to be married."

The ceremony having been performed, the horse's shoe was quickly set and the horse led to the door.

"How much shall I pay you?" asked the parson, who prided himself upon never owing a penny, even over night.

"Oh!" chuckled William Glazier, "we will call it square in consideration of the fact that I only nailed on the shoe I pulled off, although whom I am to wed I know not."

"My request, you mean."

"No, parson. Do you remember some weeks ago when I was saying to you at Noble's tavern that times were hard, and you advised me to carry my pincers in my pocket, and to pull a shoe off every horse hitched up in the tavern shed? The owners would then be obliged to have the shoe reset, and that would make my business lively. I followed your advice yesterday, in order to make sure of your stopping here this morning long enough to marry my daughter, for I am well enough unless you are obliged to stop you would frame up some excuse and gallop on your way."

"I am well caught in my own trap," said the parson, joining heartily in the laugh of the bride and groom. "Come, now, your purpose being accomplished, let us be on our way. Ride you in front of the master of ceremonies, William Glazier. Next, Mistress Wolcott on a pillion behind her husband, and I, if it be true that my good horse carries one unlucky foot, would best bring up the rear."

So they started out, and finding reinforcements at almost every house, it was quite a cavalcade that drew up at the Abbott mansion—a little late, to be sure, but Mistress Abbott was so glad to see her brother-in-law riding gallantly at the head of the company to have her becoming serenity ruffled, even when he said:

"My daughter has not broken her word to you, Sister Abbott. She is no longer Molly Glazier, but Mistress Richard Wolcott, and you are all invited to my house to their second-day wedding to-morrow."

Mistress Abbott welcomed her niece and nephew with the most affectionate cordiality, but could not forbear saying with dignity:

"I performed a very unpleasant duty in speaking to Niece Molly as I did—but this happy event was the result, and I am very glad to see Richard Wolcott had it not been for me."

"Perhaps it should be added that the young couple never regretted their hasty match, and that it is still a matter of pride to the living Glaziers that one of their family married a kinsman of the famous Roger Wolcott, who laid out the Wolcott road, as the ancient shrewdness of the old man, Mr. A. Preston, in Springfield (Mass.) Republic."

A Western Humorist Who Decided a Case in Favor of Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill once gave a show in Carson City, Nev., and on the opening night the house was packed to the doors. The audience, however, went home very dissatisfied because Mr. Cody himself did not appear. The celebrated cowboy, when the time came for him to start the audience with his deeds of daring was not to be found. So the good people of Carson dubbed the show a "fake," and after the first night only a few attended. Charles E. Locke, the manager of the show, brought a suit for damages. It caused a big sensation in Buffalo, for the residents of that town knew very little of the merits of the Thespian of any kind, and there were few, if any, who could honestly tell whether or not it was more gratifying to the audience for an intoxicated actor to appear on the stage and deliver a lecture, or remain behind the scenes in the arms of Morpheus. The judge of the court did not like to decide the case between Messrs. Locke and Cody, and it was impossible to find a jury with sufficient intelligence to understand the matter. Finally it was agreed to let Sam Davis decide the case. So the sage bush humorist was brought before the tribunal and was closely questioned by the judge, who wanted to see how much Mr. Davis knew about the drama.

"Have you ever been in a theater, Mr. Davis?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think that you can tell the difference between a man who is intoxicated and a man who is sober?"

"Most assuredly," answered Mr. Davis.

"Did you ever hear of a theater where the play drew largely on the first night and continued to draw largely during the run of the play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In London. It was tragedy."

"Who wrote it?"

"William Shakespeare."

"Now, Mr. Davis, did you ever hear of a theater where the play drew largely on the first night and only eight or ten people on every night thereafter?"

"Yes, sir."

"In London. It was a tragedy also."

"And who wrote that tragedy?"

"I did."

Mr. Davis was unanimously selected to decide the suit, which he did in favor of Buffalo Bill—San Francisco News Letter.

A CUTE CROW.

He Had a Superabundance of Business Sagacity.

Fanner Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew that the crows were wetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried the scheme of yore, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and the next mornin' I went down to the new ground to see how it worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found 'em drunk. I heard a dickens of a downy night the branch and went to see what it was. There was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn and had it on a stump, and he was retillin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain of that sort 'fer three grains of my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't been and clawed up that hull field by sections 'as I ever was."

"Veni, Creator Spiritus," a hymn that has been translated into every language that has a literature, is of uncertain authorship. It has been accredited to Charlemagne, Ambrose, of Milan, Gregory the Great and to Robertus Marston, bishop of Mayence. Over fifty English translations have been made, the best known by Dryden.

Senator Grubb—Be very careful of your associates, my son. A man is known by the company he keeps.

Son—And a senator is known by the company that keeps him, ain't he, papa?—Judge.

The Justice—You are accused, Sambo, of stealing three chickens.

Sambo—Jedge, your honah, de man dat call dem old hens "chickens" has a mighty tough conscience to appear in court—Truth.

public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Choice Miscellany.

HOW HE WENT.

How did the little fellow go?
We heard the wind wail and howl;
We heard the beating of the rain
Upon the ghastly window pane;
Yet all the room seemed still, save where
We heard his heart-beats, quick and clear
We knew that he must pass away,
But still the words we could not say!

How did the little fellow go?
We saw the falling of the snow,
We watched the hoar-frost on the eaves;
The awakened birds screamed with affright
The trees moaned in the dark; we stood,
Saying what soothing words we could:
We knew that he must pass away,
But still the words we could not say!

How did the little fellow go?
We heard his heart-beats ebbing slow,
And as if conscious of his rest,
He clasped his pale arms round his breast;
But not until, with his last moan,
His lips pressed to his mother's own,
Sent her last kiss with a God's benediction,
But still the words we could not say!

How did the little fellow go?
His mother would not say, or know,
But though she felt his lips grow still,
She clasped him to her bosom still,
Kissing his brow—his curly head;
"He is my own, from his first breath—
My own in life, my own in death!"

That was the way God's word was sent—
The little fellow went
And when from out our garden dim
We laid the last white rose on him,
His mother, kneeling on the sod,
Sent her last kiss with a God's benediction,
But still the words we could not say!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

QUALIFIED TO ACT AS JUDGE.

A Western Humorist Who Decided a Case in Favor of Buffalo Bill.

Buffalo Bill once gave a show in Carson City, Nev., and on the opening night the house was packed to the doors. The audience, however, went home very dissatisfied because Mr. Cody himself did not appear. The celebrated cowboy, when the time came for him to start the audience with his deeds of daring was not to be found. So the good people of Carson dubbed the show a "fake," and after the first night only a few attended. Charles E. Locke, the manager of the show, brought a suit for damages. It caused a big sensation in Buffalo, for the residents of that town knew very little of the merits of the Thespian of any kind, and there were few, if any, who could honestly tell whether or not it was more gratifying to the audience for an intoxicated actor to appear on the stage and deliver a lecture, or remain behind the scenes in the arms of Morpheus. The judge of the court did not like to decide the case between Messrs. Locke and Cody, and it was impossible to find a jury with sufficient intelligence to understand the matter. Finally it was agreed to let Sam Davis decide the case. So the sage bush humorist was brought before the tribunal and was closely questioned by the judge, who wanted to see how much Mr. Davis knew about the drama.

"Have you ever been in a theater, Mr. Davis?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think that you can tell the difference between a man who is intoxicated and a man who is sober?"

"Most assuredly," answered Mr. Davis.

"Did you ever hear of a theater where the play drew largely on the first night and continued to draw largely during the run of the play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In London. It was tragedy."

"Who wrote it?"

"William Shakespeare."

"Now, Mr. Davis, did you ever hear of a theater where the play drew largely on the first night and only eight or ten people on every night thereafter?"

"Yes, sir."

"In London. It was a tragedy also."

"And who wrote that tragedy?"

"I did."

Mr. Davis was unanimously selected to decide the suit, which he did in favor of Buffalo Bill—San Francisco News Letter.

A CUTE CROW.

He Had a Superabundance of Business Sagacity.

Fanner Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew that the crows were wetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried the scheme of yore, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and the next mornin' I went down to the new ground to see how it worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found 'em drunk. I heard a dickens of a downy night the branch and went to see what it was. There was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn and had it on a stump, and he was retillin' it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain of that sort 'fer three grains of my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't been and clawed up that hull field by sections 'as I ever was."

"Veni, Creator Spiritus," a hymn that has been translated into every language that has a literature, is of uncertain authorship. It has been accredited to Charlemagne, Ambrose, of Milan, Gregory the Great and to Robertus Marston, bishop of Mayence. Over fifty English translations have been made, the best known by Dryden.

Senator Grubb—Be very careful of your associates, my son. A man is known by the company he keeps.

Son—And a senator is known by the company that keeps him, ain't he, papa?—Judge.

The Justice—You are accused, Sambo, of stealing three chickens.

Sambo—Jedge, your honah, de man dat call dem old hens "chickens" has a mighty tough conscience to appear in court—Truth.

WILD COSSACK RIDERS.

Two Americans Saw Them Break Winter Camp in Turkestan.

Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, who went around the world on bicycles, give the following account of one of their experiences in Turkestan:

One of the chief incidents of our pleasant sojourn was afforded by Gov. Ivanoff. We were invited to head the procession of the Cossacks on their annual departure for their summer encampment in the mountains. After the usual religious ceremony, they filed out from the city parade ground. Being unavoidably detained for a few moments we did not come up until some time after the column had started. As we dashed by to the front with the American and Russian flags fluttering side by side from the handlebars, cheer after cheer arose from the ranks, and even the governor and his party doffed their caps in acknowledgment. At the camp we were favored with a special exhibition of horsemanship. By a single twist of the reins the steeds would fall to the ground, and their riders crouch down behind them as a bulwark in battle. Then dashing forward at full speed, they would spring to the ground, and leap back again into the saddle, or hanging by their legs, would reach over and pick up a handkerchief, cap, or a soldier's sword, and be wounded. All these movements were photographed with our cameras. Of the endurance of these Cossacks and their Kirghiz horses we had a practical test. Overtaking a Cossack courier in the early part of a day's journey, he became so interested in the velocipede, as the Russians call the bicycle, that he determined to see as much of it as possible. He stayed with us the whole day, over a distance of fifty-five miles. His chief compensation was in witnessing the surprise of the natives, to whom he would shout across the fields to come and see the tomahawk, adding in explanation that we were the American gentlemen who had ridden all the way from America. Our speed was not slow, and frequently the poor fellow would have to resort to the whip, or shout, "Slowly, gentlemen, my horse is tired; the town is not far away; it is not necessary to hurry so." The fact is, that in all our experience we found no horse of even the famed Kirghiz or Turkoman breed that could travel with the same ease and rapidly as ourselves over the most ordinary road—Century.

JIM WAS WELL AHEAD.

He Had Saved Himself Much Trouble by Seeking a Damp Spot.

A young man stood at the foot of Griswold street gazing steadily into the river, when a policeman who happened along inquired of him:

"Looking for anything particular out there?"

"Well, no," replied the gazer. "I was just a-thinkin'. It is almost three years ago to a day since my brother Jim was drowned right here."

"And you thought you might see his hat floating around?"

"Oh, no. I was thinkin' how curious it all came about. Jim went right off the wharf here. They said he just gave one yell before he struck the water."

"It was a case of suicide, then?"

"Straight case. You see, Jim and me were both in love with the same girl. Jim was the best looking, but I had the most."

"And the girl preferred you?"

"She did. Jim and me didn't have no fuss about it, but as soon as he found out how things was he came into Detroit and walked down here and jumped off. Poor old Jim!"

"There are many sad things in our lives," said the policeman, as he tapped the head of a pile with his baton.

"You bet, and this is one of them, though Jim can't complain."

"Complain of what?"

"Why, he suicided because he couldn't git

